4:Lewis N-5 (ca. 1906-1918) 1919
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I remarked that while walking through the jungle, though 481
provided with a knife, Dissan Hamy rarely used it to cut away any intercepting branch or creeper, these being invariably bent to one side by the hand.

I observed this custom many years ago when travelling through a distant village called Uda Wellawey at the foot of the Haldummulla hills, and I understand it is to prevent persons from finding a hunter's trail.

I made inquiry, in addition to direct observation while 164
exploring the Vedda country, as to the prevailing diseases among the inhabitants, and what was done as regards remedies. The result of my investigation led me to conclude that the commonest disease among adults was fever, but I could get no statistics on which I could rely to form an opinion as to the percentage this particular disease afforded as compared with others.

It was, however, difficult to discriminate in what proportion of fevers typhoid was to be regarded, as I found in many cases the people did not know the difference. Dysentery appears to be well known, and is locally called " Le-pachchane," but I was told that it was not nearly so common as fever. Fever is not common as compared with the prevalence of that disease in the Tamankaduwa District.

Venereal, I am told, is unknown, and probably for reasons I gave earlier in this Paper. It occurs, however, more in the neighbourhood of civilized centres. I did not see a single instance of goitre, or of elephantiasis, though I cannot suppose the latter is unknown. I found numerous cases of sores on the feet and legs of both adults and children, but these were explained as being in all cases due to accidental injuries. Bronchitis, however, is common, more especially in children, who also appear to be commonly troubled with anæmia, which may or may not be directly due to intestinal parasites.

As regards treatment, I found that the remedy was invari- 753
ably based on the theory that diseases may be divided into 757
two great classes—heating or inflammatory, and the opposite —therefore the cure was to be found in those specifics which were opposed to these two heads of causation. For example, if a man had a violent cold, the " milk " of the cocoanut could

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753 not be drunk. Again, in case of fever a decoction would be
757 given of a number of vegetable productions that were *believed* to be cooling. I may here mention that when questioned as to the exact effect any one of these ingredients would specifically bring about, I could get no clear answer. I found that
[278] both *Cassia auriculata* and *Evolvulus alsinoides* were regarded as most beneficial in fever, but I failed to find an answer as to their direct action. Equally *Munronia pumila* would be considered as a most valuable medicine for fits, as well as fevers.

[755] Charms and incantations appear to be more important than medicines with the people.

I found that castor oil was appreciated and its action understood, but it is curious to note that it is supposed to be effective by outward application, as well as inward. Generally speaking, I found that the local knowledge of our plants was very wide, and it would be difficult to find a plant of any use that the people could not correctly name.

137 In some cases where a plant was rare, I found that no name
824 could be given to it; as, for instance, I obtained a few examples of *Centranthera procumbens*, but the people had no acquaintance with its name whatever. Nor did I find names invented in order to afford answers to my questions: it was a case of giving the right answer, or expressing ignorance.

273 I might mention incidentally, that though our familiar Kitul (*Caryota urens*) is well known, I found the people equally unacquainted with toddy or jaggery, except as *purchaseable* commodities, just as much as kerosine oil is. This ignorance of a source of alcohol may have much to do
674 with the striking absence of crime in the country I refer to, and I mention it in passing, as worthy of consideration. On the other hand, I would again point out that owing to the rigidity of certain customs there is not the same scope for jealousy over women that plays such an important factor in crimes of violence in other parts of this Island. Again, it
361 should not be lost sight of that in the Vedda country small
674 groups of people congregate round centres where water, however limited in quantity and impure in quality, is to be found, and are therefore much more mutually dependent

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Vela was an interesting little chap and, unlike the others, had always something to say for himself. He entertained us with charms, pleasing lullabies, and songs of rock and stream demons that came as fast as *na* leaves shaken by the wind, in the guise of bears, their mouths adrip with human blood. These he sang despite warnings from the others who reminded him that he had sucked a chicken bone, which was a dangerous thing to do before invoking devils lest it invite their anger.

Coming to a pool, brown with decaying leaves, we asked if the water was good. "Very good," said a Vedda, adding the epicurean touch, "Those fallen flowers floating there make the water sweet; they are the flowers that give good honey."

It was high noon when Veddas left us to go in search of food. But Vela lingered to tell us of the oppression of the local headman. Did they but catch a young deer or pea-chick that came their way they were prosecuted. The visiting apothecary too was bad; he gave them no medicines except for gifts of honey or meat; and the poor fellows had little enough for themselves.

Having visited a cave containing the battered remains of an old Buddha, we continued our circuit of the rock; and after a walk of an hour and a half under a burning sky, came to the Veddas of the *Kudda Ulpotha*. These had no huts of any sort, but merely sat grouped in families under various trees. It was the season of the *kong* fruit, of which there was plenty about. Women were boiling down the luscious pulp with which to make cakes, or extracting from the seeds an oil said to be good for sores and wounds. Very fond of the fruit they all were; it had been their only sustenance for days. One little urchin, his mouth be-ringed with parangi ulcers, was licking clean a coconut shell containing the acrid juice, with a relish worthy of a tastier dish.

The patriarch of the settlement, Naida, and his wife were typical Veddas; but here again most of the others showed Tamil admixture. One man had a large scar across his face. The manner he came by it illustrates well the aggressiveness of the little Ceylon sloth-bear. When out collecting honey he saw a she-bear and her cub. Realizing the certain disaster of such an encounter he cautiously climbed a tree; but in doing so snapped a twig and gave himself away. With a series of blood-curdling cries she charged him, and clambering up the tree, bit and clawed him severely. A large flap was torn from his face. This his father sewed up with a thorn and fibre, and doctored with a result that might have done credit to any surgeon. Living as they invariably do in the neighbourhood of rocks, and having kindred tastes in honey, yams, and fruit, the Veddas and bears often encounter each other, as the ugly scars on many of the men testify.

As, footsore and tired, we rounded the southern end of the rock towards evening, we met parties of Veddas returning with basketfuls of *kong* fruit. One youth was up a tree making the jungle ring to his song as he beat down the berries. As it darkened we reached Manampitiya, but not before we had worried a blind old owl that had descended to a streamlet to quench its thirst.

It is hard to forget that first experience of the Veddas in their homes: those voices in the jungle, that sight of their huts among the trees, and of their women roasting dainty little flowers for food.

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descend; while two or three others, with perhaps a dog, beat the jungle above and start the animal, which is shot almost at the point of the guns.

There is no flesh the Vedda loves more than that of the wanderoo (grey langur). He will sometimes be seen to halt by a tree, and strike its trunk three resounding blows with his axe-head. This is to discover the whereabouts of the wanderoo. On hearing the sound, these animals, imagining it to be that of a falling tree or rock, give vent to the "a-he-hik" so characteristic of them when startled.

One afternoon Suthu Banda brought in a great langur slung on his shoulder, with its tail rove through its slit cheek. Within twenty-five minutes not a morsel of the animal remained. Disjointing the tail at the root, he dissected up a strip of dorsal skin in continuation of it as far as the neck; twisting this over a branch, he suspended and rapidly skinned the quarry. The meat was cut up in pieces and placed on large logs over a fire, the flames licking them all round. Bony segments, such as the spine, ribs and limbs, were pounded on a stone when half burnt, and then replaced on embers. The stomach and entrails were slit open and their contents merely scooped away with the fingers, and roasted. No water whatever was used! It was a truly sickening sight to see the relish with which the intestines with adherent faecal matter were greedily eaten. When we remarked on the repulsiveness of it, the gluttonous epicure calmly remarked, "Yes, the filth gets eaten right enough. What of it? It is good medicine. If you get a wanderoo what haven't you got? No marriage is like it." How true is the saying that the pig and the Vedda are one!

Fish* abound in the forest streams, all bony and very indifferent to the taste. The Veddas catch these, not with rods or nets, but with poisons. The fruit, bark or root of certain trees† is smashed up and thrown into pools or banked waterways. The water is then stirred; as it gets stained the fish become restless, and leap on to the bank, or turn belly upwards stupefied. They are collected and boiled with a little salt and a few chillies and eaten at once, or dried over a trestle like meat.

Let us see what sort of fare the jungle trees provide. Of fruit there is plenty in season:—*Mora*, *kong*, *galseembela*, *veera*, *palu*, *damba*, jak, guavas, *ulkantha*, *hibutoo*, *bulanga*, *kothalanga*, *leyaneya*, *karambe*, *madu* never eaten raw because it causes giddiness and vomiting!). The cabbages of palms such as *inthibuda* and *kitulalla*. Yams:—*Gonala*, *katuala*, *hirathala*, *alalla*, in order of preference. Then there are the various barks they chew incessantly to stay the hunger of their long fasts:—*Demata*, *bolvilla* and *thambola*, all substitutes for betel; and *davata* for arecanut; and besides these the barks of *opulu*, *galseembela*, *mora*, *habatha*, *nuga*, *kalawa*, *galkara*, and in fact anything, however, insipid, provided it is not poisonous.

Their medicines are few. There is *gonkuttudalu* which they crush up with water and apply to the head for headaches; *meelalla-pothu* which they smash up with *chunam* and use as a dressing for wounds; but for abrasions of the foot they will as soon rub in a little sand with

* *Walapotho*, *angulue*, *lulo*, *kaluhanao*, *kanupatho*, *antho* (eels), *maguro*, *kungo*, *kekeliyo*, *pethy*, *walihondo*, *sethalu*, *badapathalo*, *walihairiyo*, *piniweliyo*, *kovalayo*, *galpandurue*.

† *Kuhurumang-godde*, *kala-mul*, *thimbiri-godde*, *dhamba-pothu*, *pussal-mul*.

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the other heel. Python fat is used for fractures. *Nagamaru-alla* has a great reputation as an aphrodisiac, less among the Veddas than among the Moors and Tamils. *Bing kohomba* (*munronia pumila*) gathered in the hills, and *kansa* (*cannabis indica*) grown surreptitiously, are always barterable. Besides the lesser poisons used for stupefying fish, there are the deadly *neeagalla-alla* (*gloriosa superba*); *mansa-kolle* (*laportea crenulata*); *thea-haduru gedde* (*cerbera odallam*) and *kirinthea*.

There can be little doubt that much of the *cannabis indica* obtainable in Ceylon is grown in the forests by the encouragement of Moors. Traffic in the drug being illegal, the plant is cultivated clandestinely in sequestered jungle clearings or scattered amidst the vegetation of *chenas*. Though the plants fetch a good price, they are hardly worth the trouble and risk involved in tending them; and they say that "money got from *kansa* never stays in the hand." Not only have the plants to be watered for at least three months, but, very often, just as the crop is ready for harvesting, a thief helps himself to it. The commodity is conveyed to the lonely coast or the high road in the dead of night, along unfrequented game trails, in bags containing nests, grain, or dried meat.

A poignant story concerns the discovery of the *nagamaru-alla*, that esteemed aphrodisiac so difficult to find. A Vedda boy and his sister were travelling alone in the forest, when a shower of rain drove them to seek shelter under a tree. As is usual with Veddas when they rest, the boy stuck his arrows into the ground. Then, taking out of his pouch of monkey skin a chew of *demata* bark, he shared it with his sister; and, plucking out an arrow from the ground, placed on its point a little lime and gave it to her. She had scarcely tasted this when she began to manifest unsisterly familiarity. Her brother, incensed and shamed, drew his bow and killed her on the spot. Overcome by sorrow at what he had done, he debated in his mind as to why his sister, so good before, should suddenly have behaved so shamelessly. It occurred to him that the explanation might lie in the spot the arrow had been implanted; digging there he found a yam his arrow had transfixed. Thus was its named derived *nagamaru-alla* or yam that killed a sister; the Tamils call it *thangai kolai* which means the same thing. The marks of the tragedy are said to be evident to this day in the red spots that fleck the flower and leaf. I have seen the plant, a ground orchid, twice, but only the white-flowered variety not the reputedly more potent mottled. The slender stalk, bearing a delicate flower about half the size of a lupin, grows out of two downy ovoid yams.

The proper home of the Vedda is the *galge* or cave; and in these until recent years, the wilder of them exclusively lived. Now they only serve as occasional haunts, and therefore often have other occupants besides Veddas, chiefly bears; for this reason no Vedda approaches an unoccupied cave without warning: "*Cho-ho-ho, cho-ho-ho*," he shouts. "*Kiribala, haria, haria, cho-ho-ho, cho-ho-ho*." A snarl and a rush often greet the words. These rock-shelters are invariably hidden away among trees and boulders, and are extremely difficult to find except by those who know them.

Many of the caves are spacious, open and inviting; others dark and forbidding. Some source of water, such as a stream or spring, is usually at hand. The sloping roofs of the caves often present such crude picture galleries as we saw at Henanagalla, also wasps' nests, and the clustering